

6036
REGULAR ODE; 8

ADDRESSED TO

THE HONOURABLE

WILLIAM PITT.

K

Thou know'st what is of use to know,
What best to say canst say, to do canst do;
Thy actions to thy words accord, thy words
To thy large heart give utterance due, thy heart
Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.

PARADISE REGAINED.

— κώμῳ —
δίκῃ παρέρσῃ.
θεῶν δ' ὅπιν ἀφθίγον αἰέσω
— ὑμῆς ἔραϊς
τύχαις.

PINDAR, PYTH.

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R E G U L A R O D E;

Addressed to the Honourable WILLIAM PITT.

I MMERST in more than midnight gloom,
Stript of her wreath and eagle plume,

Opprest Britannia lay;

Her terror and dishevel'd hair,

Her chains, and sceptre fall'n, declare

Fell Faction's tyrant sway.

Insulting Gallia triumph'd in her doom,

And hop'd th'incumbent shade prophetic of her tomb.

When

When lo! a dazzling light from far,
 More glorious than the Julian star,
 Appear'd, and all was gay!
 Discord was aw'd, the darkness fled,
 Fair Liberty erects her head,
 And hails th' auspicious ray,
 Whose vital warmth should her lost charms restore,
 And cloathe them with a bloom far lovelier than before.

'Twas Pitt! — Illustrious much-lov'd name,
 Superior on the rolls of Fame,
 To Albion ever dear!
 A name, whose venerable sound
 Diffuses extasy around,
 And dissipates her fear:
 This spotless sun, inimitably bright,
 Soon vanquish'd and dispell'd the horrors of the night.

Ye

Ye virgin choir, harmonious maids,
 That wake, in Acidalian shades,
 Th' enchantment of the lyre,
 Sweep from your silver-chorded shells
 Those dulcet notes and warbling spells,
 Which kindle epic fire !
 Haste from your sacred groves and favourite spring,
 Your loftiest numbers chuse, your fairest chaplets bring.

Blend, for his ever-honour'd head,
 The brightest amaranths that shed
 Their fragrance o'er your bow'rs,
 With palms, for ever fresh and fair,
 Such as you cull with zealous care,
 Mixt with ambrosial flow'rs,
 To crown the Patriot's brows, whose virtues claim
 The meed of rapturous praise and ever-blooming fame.

Aid me, immortal, sister train,
 Oh, dictate the adventurous strain
 That dares a theme so high !
 Give vigour to each languid line,
 Infuse an energy divine,
 Bid strength with softness vie,
 The song all glowing with Dircean fire,
 Yet liquid—melting—sweet—as the soft Lesbian lyre.

Pourtray him, in mellifluous streams
 Pouring his thoughts and patriot schemes
 Upon th' attentive ear ;
 Admiring senates, crowding round,
 Hang with amazement on the sound,
 And foes are won to hear !
 Malice, subdu'd, of all her darts disarm'd,
 Sits wondering at the change — her Gorgon snakes are
 charm'd!

You,

You, smiling, deck'd his infant brows
 With laurels and Olympian boughs,
 And on his cradle hung,
 Intent and anxious to diffuse
 Far sweeter than Hyblean dews
 Upon his graceful tongue.
 Be blest (you cry'd) with eloquence divine,
 And with Orphean power to charm the heart be thine.

O how, if unsustain'd by you,
 Shall I the glorious mark pursue,
 And tune the trembling string!
 How of that excellence, whose ray
 No force can quench, no fraud allay,
 Shall I presume to sing!
 Beauteous it shines with an unfullied flame,
 Mid Flattery's poisonous breath and Envy's blast the same.

All hail, accomplish'd Youth! in Thee

With reverence and with joy we see

Thy much-lov'd Sire revive:

His soul-o'erpowering eloquence,

Deep-piercing judgement, manly sense,

In thee are all alive.

Still em'lous, his unfading glories view,

Rise on paternal wings, and deathless fame pursue.

Now, like the gently-gliding rill,

Which, stealing down the gradual hill,

Soft-murmurs o'er the flow'rs;

Now, like the torrent, full and strong,

Which thundering swells—then foams along,

And o'er the mountain pours;

Thus thy persuasive accents can controul,

Can sooth to mildest peace, or rouse th' obedient soul!

No

No selfish mercenary aim

Sullies the whiteness of thy fame,

Chaste as the mountain snow.

How shall I paint that generous zeal

For thy lov'd country's drooping weal,

Which, with unceasing glow,

Reigns o'er each wish, superiour and alone,

Still whispering, "To Her bliss, oh! sacrifice thy own!"

How, conscious Rectitude his guide,

He stemm'd Corruption's rapid tide,

Some nobler Muse shall tell:

Dauntless and bold, thus Abdiel * stood:

By ill example unsubdued,

When warring angels fell.

Fix'd as th' ethereal poles, he still retain'd

Fair Truth's celestial gem, and the fierce shock disdain'd.

* See Paradise Lost, Book V.

Our rock, our guardian Angel Thou :
 To Thee fair Freedom's votaries bow
 With many a duteous prayer ;
 Go on—the Idol of thy age,
 Just candour's willing heart engage,
 Be Virtue still thy care ;
 Her champion firm, her injur'd laws maintain,
 Lift her dejected head, and propagate her reign.

Yes! he shall ever worthy prove
 Of his illustrious Sovereign's love,
 Britannia's hope and pride.
 O sent by pitying Heaven to save!
 Conduct her o'er the dangerous wave,
 And at the helm preside :
 Thus shall she soon attain the peaceful shore,
 And bid, with placid scorn, the blustering billows roar.

Youth!! — Oh, still glory in the name,
And crown thy wondering foes with shame;

Yes, vaunt that glorious crime!

Tell them, that Honour's laurel blows

But for that head (though not with snows

Yet silver'd o'er by Time)

Which turns indignant from fair Folly's smiles,

From Interest's siren call, and Pleasure's serpent wiles.

Oh far—far distant be the hour,

Which bids thee Fate's resistless power

Confess, its yielding prey;

When soaring angels on their wings,

Far from the kindest, best of kings,

Shall waft thy soul away!

Oh, long remain beneath thy kindred skies,

Long be thy Albion's joy, and bless her ravish'd eyes!



YOUTH! — Oh, fill glory in the name,
And crown thy wondering feet with thine;
Yes, vantage thou glorious climb!

Tell them, that Heaven's hand flows
But for that hand (though not with flows)

Yes, stand over Time)

Which turns thy sign from left to right

From Lorelei's green cliff, and Elbe's low

Oh, in the name of the hour

Which bids thee stand on the tower

Confront its yielding power

When loosing angels on their wings

From the clouds, full of things

That wait thy soul away!

Oh, long remain beneath thy feet

Long be thy Albion's joy, and bid her ravish'd eyes

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